

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle Society

URBAN DEAR: With several of us, among them Major James T. Moore and Major Robert L. Howe, already detached from the War College and the troops at Fort Myer and the barracks on waiting orders and keen to be off, we are having a bit of a foretaste of what Washington may be like if real trouble with Mexico eventuates. And we don't like it.

Half the people in Washington have some connection with the army or navy and to a man—to a woman at least—we have a soft spot for the laddie in brass buttons and his going would make a sad gap in our social life. Imagine the Army and Navy Club under such conditions.

Which is all very flippant when you think of the real meaning and terror of war, of even a comparatively unimportant war—but then we Americans have a way of refusing to think of real things until they are forced upon us.

It's dollars to doughnuts that the Fifth Cavalry will be among the first to go if there is a call for more troops. The small detachment to be left behind will be under the command of Lieut. "Jimmie" James and, of course, he is raging at being deprived of the chance for active service. Nobody dares mention the subject to him.

Lieut. Victor Whitehead has already left Fort Myer not for the border, but for Fort Sheridan, where a section of the Fifth Cavalry is stationed. He left town last evening and Mrs. Whitehead is making a little visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Reeside. She will join her husband as soon as she can get her traps together and see to the transplanting of her household goods.

Recently Promoted.

Victor Whitehead was recently promoted to first lieutenant and, as there was no vacancy of this rank in the Fifth, he was scheduled for transfer to the Second Cavalry. However, a first lieutenantcy turned up in the division of the Fifth which is quartered at Fort Sheridan—you see the regiment wall scattered: a part at Sheridan, a part here and the third at Fort Leavenworth—so he will not have to leave his regiment.

Thus it is that Elizabeth will set up housekeeping on the edge of Chicago instead of at Fort Ethan Allen as she expected.

Lieut. Leo Heffernan, who was transferred to Sheridan from Myer last fall, has joined the aviation corps and is now at San Diego.

* Capt. Duncan Elliott, by the way, is still in a hospital in New York, but is improving rapidly. He has been accidentally missed at Fort Myer, for he always made a "go" of every function on the post and was ever the first to stir up festivities of one sort or another.

But to return to wars and rumors of wars—Capt. Billy Merry, it appears, will lose his two months' leave, but he is a willing soul, as, instead of rusting in Brownsville, he'll have a chance to see some excitement.

For the rest, the men of the service are waiting and their wives, if they have wives, are in a fine state of nervous excitement. One army woman told me only yesterday that her husband had warned her to leave her telephone number whenever she went out, as he might be ordered off any day, and at fifteen minutes' notice.

Worse for Sweethearts.

It's even worse for the sweethearts. Dorothy Brooks and Henry Holcombe have just about completed preparations for their marriage on Wednesday, and it would be nothing less than a tragedy for him to be ordered away. However, Dorothy has the consolation thought that there probably will be no immediate call for the engineers in this part of the world, and, moreover, Henry has some sort of a quartermaster's job and could not easily be spared.

On the other hand, so obvious was the possibility of Lieut. John T. Wheeler's being sent to the border with the Fifth Cavalry from Fort Leavenworth, that his fiancée, Marie Newton, went West to join him.

They were married, yes, at the fort. The bride was given in marriage by Gen. Henry A. Greene, commandant of the post. Following the ceremony General and Mrs. Greene gave a reception to their honor.

As originally planned the wedding was to have taken place at St. John's Church, Lafayette square, on April 25. Marie made the trip West with Mrs. Watkins, Ruth Bliss, who left on Thursday after spending ten days with Mrs. Bliss. Captain Watkins is in the Engineer School at Leavenworth, and will have no chance of active service unless the powers see fit to close the service schools.

As a by-product of the excitement in Mexico the army polo matches which were scheduled for mid-April have been called off. Even should things have cleared up by that time there will have been no time for the necessary practice games.

And speaking of polo, Captain Billy Mitchell has been forbidden to play for a year since the bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism he had in the fall has left his heart a bit out of commission. He took his first horseback ride since his illness last Sunday.

Mrs. Laurson to Visit Capital.

Since Capt. Emil P. Laurson has gone to the border from Fort Oglethorpe, it is probable that Mrs. Laurson, accompanied by her small daughter, Betty, will come to Washington to visit her parents, Gen. and Mrs. Albert L. Mills. She has not quite made up her mind, as coming North for any length of time would entail the closing of her house and storing of her furniture, but Mrs. Mills is hoping to have her daughter and granddaughter with her from April until June.

General Mills, who has been suffering from an attack of grip, is convalescing slowly, and by next week he and Mrs. Mills plan to slip away for a week's holiday in Atlantic City.

The little daughter of Lieut. and Mrs. Chester P. Mills, who was born in the Philippines, is just a year old today, and, of course, General and Mrs. Mills have never seen her.

The Spanish Ambassador and Madame Riano are among the foreboded ones who believe in preparations. They have already leased the Da Rham villa in



MISS FRANCES ROBERTSON.

—Photo by Edmonston.

Here's my new picture of Frances Robertson. Isn't it captivating?

The fact that this little lady had no formal debutante function to launch her into society has interfered no whit with the success of her first season.

She is a winsome little piece and a belle into the bargain. The Robertsons make their home at the Wyoming, and

Bellevue avenue, Newport's most important thoroughfare. It is a handsome place, in fact one of the most attractive in that neck of the woods, and is owned by the Weid estate.

The Rianos had such a delightful time in Newport last summer that they have had it in their minds all winter to return this season should events permit. Although these troublous times the plans of the diplomats are subject to sudden and unexpected change, they do not anticipate any disturbance of these arrangements.

Mrs. E. H. G. Slater is another repeater, with Aiken as the place of her affection. She has been there the greater part of this winter, and has already leased the cottage she is occupying for next season.

Gurnee Munn, who is still rated "of Washington," although he has deserted us in favor of Philadelphia since his marriage to Marie Louise Wannamaker last summer, has recently purchased "Meadowcroft," the late Frederick Hemmick's beautiful place on the township line. It is quite near the estate of Gurnee's brother, Charles A. Munn, at Radnor. The young Munn expects to take possession of their new home about the first of the month, and are planning extensive improvements to the property, which, dear knows, is fine enough for all practical purposes as it is.

Are at Palm Beach.

Meanwhile, Gurnee and Marie Louise are disposing themselves at Palm Beach, where they are by way of being the pivot about which much of the life of the place revolves. Of course you read about the thrilling melodrama with Marie Louise in the leading role, and society folks acting the various parts, which was filmed recently, and equally, of course, you are hoping with the rest of us that the motion picture concern will succeed in its endeavor to get permission to show the film in some of the leading hotels of the country, rather than burn it as was first intended. Such richness! To see Marie Louise, going through a mock marriage with one Roger Hill, wearing her own wedding gown; to see the heroine and the villain marooned on a desert island, which, by the way, belongs to Dr. Munn, and is a veritable garden spot; and for climax to see a wonderful race between the speedboat Skindol and the hydro-aeroplane with which the hero rescues the heroine.

Palm Beach, too, thought very well of the Vincent Astor, though they made no attempt whatever to get the place on fire. They are in an ordinary Pullman car, chartereding Harriet Post and Mary Pym, Gordon Douglas, and John H. Prentiss, and left aboard their yacht for a trip to Nassau, Havana, and perhaps the Canal Zone. They dined three times a day in the Garden Grill, and didn't do much else that Palm Beach could notice except to behave themselves to perfection, which, of course, put them in a class by themselves.

William Phelps Esno, after a stay of three weeks in Washington, hurried back to New York where he has spent the greater part of the winter, dividing his time between the city and his country place nearby. Just now he is at the Vanderbilt. He is coming back to town soon, however, and plans to make

former President and dress his close connection with the Oyster Bay family to his wife. She was "labeled" a Roosevelt. Eleanor Roosevelt, before her marriage, and is Theodore Roosevelt's own niece. She was a frequent visitor to Washington and the White House during the Roosevelt Administration. Her marriage to her cousin many times removed took place a good eleven years ago.

Make Up Jolly Crew.

The little Roosevelts are as winsome and jolly a crew of kiddies as can be found in a day's journey and are all keenly interested in the new arrival in the family.

If there is one perfectly happy woman in Washington these days, it is Maitland Marshall Knapp. The Navy Department expended a bomb in the family a fortnight or so ago, when it ordered Jack Knapp to report to the U. S. S. Supply, with headquarters at Guam, immediately if not sooner; but at the last minute came reprieve, it seems that Jack's work—he's in the pay corps, you know—at the Naval Radio Station at Arlington, is exceedingly technical, his commanding officer, Captain Hullard, protested to the department at being left with an untrained man on his hands, and finally the powers that be decided to send some one else in his place.

Due for Sea Duty.

To be sure, Jack will probably be due for sea duty at some not very distant date, but it is to be hoped that next time his orders will not be of such a suddenness nor to the ends of the earth. Many of the "young marrieds" of the navy regard Guam as a distinctly desirable post, for a detail there counts as sea duty and yet permits of an officer's living ashore. This would be of small advantage to the Knapps, however, as Maitland would neither leave the baby nor dare to take the youngster to so bad a climate. Moreover, there is no fresh milk to be had—but then this is all beside the question now.

The two young people are too delighted at the turn things have taken to begrudge the days of excited preparation for Jack's departure, the happiness of packing or even the supply of white uniforms he laid in.

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